

Platinum and Pearls

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Platinum and Pearls

by [sku7314977](#)

Summary

During Will's year living with Le Chiffre he realizes that the mysterious banker has never celebrated his birthday. In a drunken decision he's doomed to regret Will decides that they need to do something to celebrate his forgotten birthday.

Notes

This is a side story written out of side weird ass idea that came into my head while writing Hunting Shadows. It's an event that takes place during Will and Le Chiffre's year together. It takes place sometime after Will wins Le Chiffre's trust and kills James bond. ;D

I own nothing

Not Beta Read.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There were very few things that Will knew about Le Chiffre as a person. He knew that the man cared for him, deeply, would even go so far as to say that he loved him, though for what reason and how it had come to pass still escaped the profiler profoundly. He also knew that that the banker actually knew very little about himself, he had awoken in a Displaced Persons Camp on an American military base in Germany as a child with no memory of who he was or where he was from. The name he had eventually adopted coming from the realization that he was nothing more than a number on a passport.

The other think he knew about the man, was that he loved pearls, platinum and pearls.

So what did you give to a man who could buy himself anything at the drop of a hat, didn't know his true birthday so had never bothered to celebrate it before and loved small white balls of nacre?

Will had picked a date at random to celebrate the forgotten day, found a pair of handcuffs hidden in one of Le Chiffre's drawers and located down a local bead shop.

"Wait here." Will tried to fight down the nauseating nervousness that flooded his stomach as he laid his lover on the bed.

A gentle pull to the cuffs that held his hands above his head, chain looped through the rungs of the headboard, reminded Will without words that the banker wasn't going anywhere. Will tried not to feel foolish as he crawled off the bed and exited into the ensuite.

It had been his idea, his drunken lunacy that they have a small birthday together for Le Chiffre who had never to memory enjoyed so much as a cake to celebrate his coming into the world. Even Will, who had grown up a poor fishermen's son, had experienced a hand full of birthdays with candles in cheap cupcakes and presents wrapped in paper bags.

The idea of the man having nothing, no one in his life until he created one for himself from a scrap of paper and a talent with numbers, it made Will's alcohol saturated mind want to do something for him.

Something he was profoundly regretting.

Now that he had the mysterious banker shirtless and splayed on a bed of soft cream colored sheets Will *had* to follow through with the rest of his present.

What did you give a man who had everything he could ever want?

"Will..." The one thing he didn't.

"I wasn't sure what to get you." Will admitted feeling more than a little embarrassed as he exited the bathroom.

He tried to move, tugging the cuffs in an attempt to sit up and better see the prize that stepped out before him.

He was beautiful. Copper skin stained rose across his nose and down his chest with growing embarrassment Will was dressed in nothing but beautiful lengths of ivory and cream colored pearls. "You're beautiful," he smiled, coffee and ice colored eyes drinking in the image presented before him. Three long lengths of beads meant to be pears looped his tapered waist to fall over the swell of his hip at varying lengths, another chain looped twice around his throat before the length of it fell over his shoulder. It was an image Le Chiffre would commit to his memory forever, burn into his mind so that he might recall it's beauty when they lay old and grey together.

What had seemed like a good idea at the time, splayed beneath a kaleidoscope of colors made from moonlight in his favorite sitting room with nearly two thirds a bottle of pricy scotch and Le Chiffre buried balls deep inside him, was becoming a very *stupid* idea as he stood naked in front of the other man.

Will wanted to turn around, lock the bathroom door and hide until Le Chiffre figured out how to pick the locks to his hand cuffs with nothing but his finger nails and left.

"Come here," the banker purred, eyes hooding as he wet his lips with the tip of a tongue he very much wished to run along the contours of Will's body. This was nothing like his William, a true step out from the empath's comfort zone to have even attempted such a scandalous gift for him.

It would not see such a gift go unappreciated.

Hesitant, Will stepped away from the safety of the ensuite, swallowing his trepidations as he crawled onto the bed, once again seating himself over his lover to present his naked form decorated in lengths of pears as his prize. "It seemed like a good idea at the time," Will admitted, face hot and eyes averted as he fought the instinct to run away. The feeling of something very hard pushing against the cleft of his ass was encouragement enough to stay. "Now, 'stupid', doesn't even come close to how I feel."

"I feel honored." Le Chiffre's smile didn't falter, always encouraging, always slow when that was what Will needed him to be. Never forceful, never rushed, "This, you don't do this Will, but you did it for me." Grey eyes met rain soaked earth, "I couldn't have asked a better gift."

The barest smile tugged the nervous man's lips, "Enjoy it, you'll never see it again." Leaning forward Will met the wide thin lipped smile of his mysterious banker in a kiss, soft and pliant, opening himself in a way that would only ever be for him. Le Chiffre loved it, Will had read it in the stillness of his breath when he'd stepped out of the washroom, saw the wonderment in his eyes as he had drank in his form as though Will were the Holy Grail. It made it easier for Will to relax into the body beneath him, accept the press of swelling cock against his ass as the encouragement to grind down against him and continue.

He didn't just like his gift, he loved it.

"Perhaps not like this," Le Chiffre agreed, grinding up to press his appreciation into Will. He had never expected that Will would bend himself in such a way for him, push himself to move so far beyond his boundaries, and yet here he lay atop him, dressed in strings of pearls and beads meant to mimic them, his platinum cuff of binding still clasped around his ankle

like a brand. "Perhaps next time you would allow me to dress you in ropes of pearls, wrap your throat and beautiful arms in lengths of Mikimoto." He watched the lovely rose flush deepen again, a warmer red ghosting beneath his skin as Will eased himself down the bankers body to work free the clasp of his pants. "I would love to dress you in them, adore you in the ocean's tears and honor you like a god."

"I thought I said you wouldn't see this again?" Will smiled despite himself, freeing the heavy girth of his swollen cock to bounce free with the slide of pants over hips.

Le Chiffre's smile stilled to the flat of his game face, as though a business deal were being struck between them. "Would you deny me a Christmas gift of my choosing?" The laugh that erupted from him after earned a bite, soft and sudden over the head of his cock, teeth nipping gently at the sensitive head in an open mouthed kiss that had him reeling. "Will, you are the sexiest tease I have ever been forced to endure." He laughed again, low and smooth as he fought to stop the buck of hips not wanting to choke the man slowly consuming him, sucking the weight of his cock into his mouth, "Now stop teasing and let me up."

Will hummed around the flesh within his mouth, felt the jerk of the man beneath him. It made him feel good, after everything that Le Chiffre had done for him, to finally have something to offer him in return. Will didn't think he would ever understand how giving over a piece of himself would mean so much to the banker.

He hollowed his cheeks, sucking hard at the length of flesh within his mouth before allowing the head to pop free, earning a ragged cry of need from his lover. "It's your present," Will argued, feeling more confident as he reached under the pillow to retrieve a tube of lube.

"Yes, *my* present," He tugged again at his restraints, aching to touch the decadent man straddling his lap, "I would like to touch it now."

Will watched as a generous dollop of lube filled his palm. "You don't get to." Will smiled tossing the bottle to be dealt with at a later time. "It's my gift. I get to decide when you can touch." He stroked the chilled lubricant over Le Chiffre's aching cock, coating it with a thick layer of slick before taking a breath and guiding the swollen length between his legs.

He could barely breath, watching as his beautiful Will moved to take him without so much as a moment of preparation spared for himself. He was so hard it hurt.

Will had made a point of stretching himself earlier, filling himself to the core with four fingers and too much lube.

That had been nearly three hours ago.

Now that he sat over his lover with the engorged head of his cock pressing into his opening it wasn't feeling like nearly enough. "L-Le Chiffre," Will panted the name, searching for the comfort he always seemed to find it when he called for the man, but his cool broad hands didn't come to sooth Will as they normally would, hold him steady and help him move with a gentle touch to ease the engorged cock pressing into him inch by inch, soothed by a trail of kisses laid in love and adoration along his throat.

Instead Will was in control, gasping in pants as he took the swollen length deeper into his body, lips parted in silent moans as he seated himself to the root, his reprieve found in the pleaser taken in him by his lover instead of the comforting grip of his hands.

Le Chiffre groaned, breaths sharp as he gazed up at the beautiful man above him, watching as the length of his heavy flesh disappeared into his tight heat, his shapely hips rocking to pleasure them both as he took him to the root, an attempt to quickly adjust to the girth he had not been ready for.

“God damn-it!” Will bit his lip, shoulders shaking as he moved before again, denying himself the time to properly adjust, feeling the stretch of his gripping sex as he began to rise, dragging another strangled moan from Le Chiffre as he rode his strangled flesh.

He was so big, so fucking big, filling Will in ways he’d never been stretched before.

“Don’t rush Will, when you’re ready.” Le Chiffre hissed from where he lay, enjoying the pleasing show of Will mounting him.

“L-Le Chiffre,” Will groaned, arching as he lifted his body on hands and knees, easing the swollen girth to its mushroom head before skewering himself on its filling length again, forcing another cry of pleasure from his quivering lips.

He was so god damn big.

He was so beautiful.

“Will, please, I want to touch you.” Le Chiffre begged with a smile, fighting his end. He was so close and Will was so hot, so tight around him, welcoming and consuming.

Lust blown eyes turned to find ice and coffee, his legs shaking with the effort to fuck himself on the massive cock. “Alright,” he smiled, longing to feel those broad hands on his skin like an addict needing their fix. Leaning over his toned banker Will found the key he was looking for hidden beneath the pillow much as the lube had been. His breaths were uneven, as needy for air as his flesh was for the contact he knew Le Chiffre would bring as soon as he was free of his confines.

Before he’d finished releasing the second cuff a hand was carding through his hair, pulling him close for a passionate kiss made hungry from denial as the other wrapped around Will’s lean waist, the cool metal of the cuffs bumping against his heated flesh. “You’re amazing,” he announced between kisses, hands sliding down goose-bumping flesh to settle on the sharp curve of his hips, “I could never have asked for a better gift, a more wonderful boyfriend.”

Will shuttered, lips parting in a quiet gasp as he was guided by gentle hands to rock, slowly moving to follow their guide in a slow glide up and down along his shaft, the banker pushing himself up to sit as Will rode, bringing him as close to his body as he might while remaining seated within. “I love you,” He kissed him again, simple and soft, “all of you.”

Will couldn’t fight back the smile that claimed his mouth, a sense of peace and safety he’d only even known standing out in the fields of Wolf Trap late at night, that same sense of

serenity consumed him in that moment as he held the banker close.

There were no words to convey his gratitude.

With another fall of his body over Le Chiffre's Will found he was no longer able to contain his growing pleasure, mouth falling open in a silent cry as his essence splashed between them, body clenching tight as he reached his peak. His choking hold on the banker seemed to be enough, pushing the other man over his own edge, a breathy moan announcing his finish as he filled Will with his heat.

They fell back together, an entanglement of limbs with Le Chiffre awkwardly trying to ease his softening cock from the younger man's depths without moving either of them from their comfortable positions.

It was as they lay there curled together, Will examining the dog hairs that had woven through their sheets and Le Chiffre playing with the string of pearls that ran along his back that Will realized he was happy.

For all the curve balls life had thrown at him, all the things it had been given just to be taken away, all that had happened with Hannibal, Will was for the first time in a long time, completely and unconditionally happy.

He had fallen in love with the banker and picked up the pieces of his broken life to build something new with their fragments, something whole and new and wonderful, the missing pieces of his world filled with the few existing of Le Chiffre's broken own.

"I love you too."

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Your kudos are trying on pearls, your comments are waiting for their turn to ride. ;D

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